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NIBLO'S GARDEN,
New York, June 7th, 1866.

D. L. DOWNING, Esq.,
President Musical Mutual Protective Union:

DEAR SIR:—I have received your favor of May 21st.

There can be no possible misconstruction of the Article to which the Managers' Association objects, however exalted may have been the motives of your Society in framing it. It distinctly compels every musician of your Union *not* to perform under any leader or with any artist who does not derive a privilege of employment from you, and would have the effect at this moment of obliging any manager, who engaged the services of any of your body, to part with his present leader and orchestra, an alternative which the Managers' Association respectfully declines.

It also respectfully declines to arbitrarily dictate the maximum or minimum amount which any artist is to receive for his services.

For the rest, without venturing to question the correctness of the very unflattering estimate which you, with such unequalled opportunities of judging, have expressed of the character of many members of the Musical Union of which you are the President, and of the motives which influence them in the practice of their art—which, I may observe, more than justifies the unfavorable view which the public have, taken of many of the recent proceedings of your Association—the Managers' Association cannot but feel, that had the fact occurred to your recollection that the leading members of your body, by forsaking, when employed in the orchestra, often for many nights in the week the duties they had undertaken to discharge, and committing them to substitutes from the very class now so severely reprobated, encouraged and sanctioned for their own advantage all those evils to which you attribute the deterioration of your profession, you would have spoken of brother artists with somewhat more forbearance and moderation.

In closing our correspondence, which, as a matter of justice to both parties, the Managers' Association deems it but proper to publish, permit me to renew on my part, and that of the Association of which I am President, the expression of good feeling, with which

I remain,
Yours, very truly,
W. WHEATLEY,
Pres't. Managers' Association.

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A DESCENDANT OF J. SEBASTIAN BACH,
A WRITING MEDIUM.

[From *The Stage*.]

Toujours predire does not suit our lively friends of the gay and fascinating capital of France. They prefer *toujours canard*. The latest specimen of this Parisian delicacy has just found its way here, and it may not be wrong to serve it up to our readers. It is a musical canard, and rather "high," dating back at least two hundred years, and being of the period of the great J. S. Bach. We are almost provoked to call it a Musical-Bach duck, but any trifling with our canvas back friend would be profanation. Well, there is living in Paris a descendant of the great Sebastian, the author of the "well tempered clavichord." He is elderly and respectable. For many years he has been a teacher of music, devoting such spare time as that arduous profession permitted to antiquarian pursuits. Amongst the curiosities which he has accumulated is a strange old spinet, made out of oak, ornamented with much fine carving, tastefully gilded arabesques, intermingled with turquoise and gilded *fleurs de lys*. This instrument was picked up at a curiosity shop, the proprietor of which said that it had just come from Italy. To a gentleman like Mr. Bach, who was both a musician and an antiquarian, it was of course singularly interesting. He examined it very closely, and at length discovered the inscription, *Roma 1564*—showing where and when it was made. He further amused himself by playing

upon it during the evening. At the usual hour he retired to rest, highly satisfied with his prize. Strange to say he had a dream. An elegantly dressed foreigner, of the period of the 16th century, appeared to him, and said that the Spinett now in M. Bach's possession was formerly his own, having been presented to him, (the gentleman of the land of dreams, by his royal master and patron, Henri III.) He stated also, that in order to soothe the melancholy of this monarch, whose course of love did not run smooth, he had written a Saraband, with which to beguile his Majesty's hours of despondency. The King, too, was given to composition, and had written a song on the subject of his blighted hopes. The stranger thereupon, with alarming alacrity, sat down to M. Bach's spinet, and sang and played both pieces. It is not astonishing that M. Bach was awakened by the performance, but it is amazing that on opening his eyes the first thing that struck his gaze was the manuscript of these two very airs, written on the blank half of a sheet of music paper on which he had been engaged the day before in writing down one of his own compositions. The courtly apparition had disappeared. More amazing still was the fact that the notes of the manuscript were written like those now in use, but the clefs were different. The words, it is stated, are in the style of Henri III. As a matter of course, M. Bach was greatly excited, and proceeded at once to make inquiries as to the authenticity of the visitant's statements. In the course of time he discovered that the stranger was no other than the defunct and forgotten Baltazarini, a favorite court musician of Henri III. The identity being established, nothing remained to be accounted for but the mysterious score. M. Bach was sorely perplexed, for he had not heard of spiritualism, and yet could not rationally account for the document. He mentioned the matter to friends who were better posted, and about a month afterwards discovered that he was a writing medium. One day, after a violent headache and a nervous trembling of the hand, he was seized with the thought that Baltazarini might desire to communicate with him. He took a pencil, and held it on a sheet of paper. Immediately he became insensible, and his hand wrote a verse of four lines, saying that the King had given the spinet to Baltazarini. The "copy" is somewhat obscure—as spirit writing usually is, and M. Bach appealed to Baltazarini for further particulars. Upon which the latter wrote: "Henri, my master, who gave me the spinet you possess, had written a *quatrain* on a piece of parchment, which he had nailed inside the case and sent to me. Some years afterwards, having to take a journey, and fearing—as I took the spinet with me to play on—that the parchment might be torn off and lost, I took, and, that I might not lose it, I put it into a little hiding place to the left of the keyboard, where it is still." M. Bach now speaks for himself:

"As at that time my spinet had been lent to the Retrospective Museum in the Palace of Industry, I could not ascertain whether this was true or not. But as soon as the spinet was brought back to me, my son and I searched carefully for this parchment, but could see nothing of it. At last, having taken it almost to pieces, we found a niche under the hammers so small that we could not get at it without taking out several of them; and there, hidden under the dust and cobwebs of three hundred years, we found a piece of parchment, blackened by time, thirty centimetres long, seven and a half wide, on which, when we had cleaned it, we found the verse alluded to, and running thus:

"Moy le Roy Henry trois octrois cette espinette,
A Baltazarini, mon gay musicien,
Mais sis dit mal sone, on bien [ma] moult
simplette.
Lors, pour mon souvenir dans l'estuy garde
bien."

All this would be very singular if it had not occurred a thousand times before, and very ludicrous if M. Bach were not a gentleman of nearly seventy years, who has borne the best of characters,

and whose wife, even now, is respected. As it is, we are amused to see our Parisian friends, who ridiculed us severely for our "manifestations," lending themselves so readily to a most transparent "sell." They may rest assured that the next thing to be sold is the spinet.

Among the other marvellous things they promise for the Paris Exhibition, is a photographic machine that takes likenesses in all colors but green, a color which still remains obstinate to the inventar's researches. The Hasha of Egypt has appropriated £40,000 for the mere fitting up of his portion of the building. Turkey will send on the minaret of her mosque, a mausoleum, and a model of a Turkish house, with its divans, baths, &c., &c. Persia will construct, on the Champ de Mars, kiosques, silk-worm nurseries, opium manufactories, &c., a pavilion, with a model of the Shah's throne, and copies of pictures, rich carpets, furniture, &c., which adorn the imperial residence, and the fountains that surround it.

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NEW BOOKS.

MEMOIRS OF A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.—From the German of Joseph Von Eichendorff, by CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. With Vignettes by E. B. BENSELL. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

The story of a Good-for-Nothing seems to partake of more of the spiritual *dolce far niente* than is common to that class of German romance, which fact may rest rather with the spirit of the translation than the real sentiment of the book itself. Still, there is sufficient of materialism in its tone to claim for it the title of a faithful translation.

The hero of the book is an idle, good-tempered, dreamy, and romantic fellow, loving, instinctively, music and poetry; free from actual vice, faithful in his nature, careless of the future, a very waif of humanity, and like a waif, floating into strange places. He is the most involuntary hero of romances, and the actor in strange courts, all of which tell in his way, because he was loitering along any road which presented itself, and waiting for anything that might happen. The one desire of his heart is to reach Italy, where food is to be had for the gathering, and the pleasantest lodging is the open air. Nothing to pay, and no work to do, seem to have been the goal of the Good-for-Nothing's ambition. All the chances and the changes of his life were wrought by the mighty talisman of love—a love which was called to life by romance, nurtured in a mistake and ends in a surprise and happiness. The incidents are those of a romance, and the characters such as should people it, vague and indefinite, but parts of the poetic woof of which it is composed.

It is certainly a sunny book, glittering and interesting, and addresses itself to that Bohemian principle in every poetic nature, which develops itself in the yearning to be free from the restraints and forms of civilization, and the social tyranny which springs up in all large communities—a feeling which is undefined and rarely realized, but which all of us have felt at some early period of our existence. The philosophy of the Good-for-nothing may be gathered from the following lines, which seem to spring to the lips as a perpetual consolation, whenever chance throws him upon the world, aimless, though not hopeless:

"God, when on man great love bestowing,
Over the wide world bids him rove,
Unto him all his marvels showing
In stream and field and hill and grove.

"The lazy who at home are lying
Are cheered not by morn's early red,
Know naught save nursing-children crying,
And care and fear and thoughts of bread.